deep clouds of fear, and thus overshadowed, the Victorian dream —progress without tears, faded, was to end in tears without progress. Its closing phase was MacDonald, Socialist Prime Minister and Boneless Wonder, accepting unmeant amendments to an unmeant Education Bill; almost the closing scene, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Snowden, rising in his place to propose the taxation of land values; not their real taxation, just the principle of the thing on the Statute Book, and a preliminary survey to find out how the tax might be instituted and how much it might be expected to bring in. Making this mild pro-position old words came to his lips—'The land was given by the Creator, not for the use of dukes, but for the equal use of all his children/ It was his positively last appearance in the role of chastiser to the rich and powerful. But a little while and he would become their valued collaborator, if not a ducal landlord himself, a viscount, and all his powers of chastisement be reserved for his then associates.

The fruits of Snowden's efforts on behalf of the taxation of land values was the setting up of a small Government department, which even lingered on after the Labour Government's fall, though how employing its time uo one knows. This department was finally abolished when Mr. Neville Chamberlain became Chancellor of the Exchequer, without having caused any per-turbation to ducal or other landlords.

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In the first Labour Government MacDonald had combined the offices of Foreign Secretary and Prime Minister

(1 determined to take on my back a double burden, not that I was unmindful of the weakness of human flesh, but I was convinced that, if our country was to pull its full weight, the authority of the Premier-ship would have to be cast into the same scale as that of the Foreign Secretaryship'); in the second, against his will, he relinquished the Foreign Secretaryship. His idea first had been to give it to Mr. J. H. Thomas, the one of his colleagues on whose